

# Wilmington Journal.

VOL. 39.

WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1874.

NO. 34.

## THE NEGRO QUESTION.

It is not only out of the man, but it is a thing along on the high and hard road to prosperity. If there is to be an amalgamation of color, the lines will not be drawn by the whites; they will be drawn by the blacks themselves, but by the adventures, native and otherwise, who must either rule or ruin the old ship of State.

Acting now, the Southern States are in a position of great weakness. They are not only the part of true friends to the colored man, but they are the part of true friends to the colored man. They are not only the part of true friends to the colored man, but they are the part of true friends to the colored man. They are not only the part of true friends to the colored man, but they are the part of true friends to the colored man.

As for the *Black Belt*, we suggest that it be a mission through the South to make a few more facts which have been given above. It is not the *Black Belt* alone that is the cause of the trouble, but the *Black Belt* alone that is the cause of the trouble. It is not the *Black Belt* alone that is the cause of the trouble, but the *Black Belt* alone that is the cause of the trouble.

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## LIST OF NORTH CAROLINA CONGRESSMEN, JUDGES AND SOLICITORS.

The following list embraces the Representatives elect to the next Congress, our present Senators, the existing Judges and the Judges and Solicitors elect:

CONGRESSMEN.

North Carolina will thus be represented in the next Congress, (the Forty-fourth) which assembles in Washington City on the 4th of March next:

Senate.

M. W. Ransom, Democrat.  
A. S. Merrimon, Democrat.

House.

1st District—Jesse J. Yates, Dem.  
2d " John A. Hyman, Rep.  
3d " A. M. Waddell, Dem.  
4th " A. M. McKoy, Dem.  
5th " R. F. Buxton, Rep.  
6th " Thos. S. Ashe, Dem.  
7th " Wm. M. Robbins, Dem.  
8th " R. B. Vance, Dem.

JUDICIARY.

1st District, Mills L. Enre, Dem.  
2d " Lewis Hilliard, Rep.  
3d " A. S. Seymour, Rep.  
4th " A. A. McKoy, Dem.  
5th " R. F. Buxton, Rep.  
6th " S. W. Watts, Rep.  
7th " John Kerr, Dem.  
8th " T. J. Wilson, Dem.  
9th " David Schenck, Dem.  
10th " Anderson Mitchell, Dem.

## Clinton, N. C. Aug. 14, 1874.

Dear Journal—Two hours and a half ride on the day train, and we have drawn us away from the busy Metropolis, Wilmington, and left us at the quiet little village of Warsaw. Here we alight from the cars, to take our own time in the enjoyment of a three hours ride in and out among the pine trees, then by some green meadow, or near some old field, grassed with feathery sprays, with an occasional stop to pick some little bright red or black whortleberry, that ventured to show itself, nestled so cunningly in the grass, among the bushes along the road side.

In due time, we reach the city of Clinton, the guest of our highly esteemed and much honored fellow-citizen, Dr. C. J. Murphy, where after a night of the deepest and most refreshing sleep, we wake in the morning to lovely fresh scenes of welcome, and enjoy the hospitality of our good natured Samsonians at their yearly Samson County Farmers' Club Dinner.

As the clouds at morning, tinged by the rising sun, float on, and mingle into one, the gentle zephyr, with its summer currents flowing smoothly along, soon silences that threatening aspect, leaving us a clear sky and a sweet August day for enjoyment and fun.

On the Fair ground, some one thousand souls have assembled to enjoy their yearly dinner, greeting each other with happy smiles and faces, over the success and complete triumph of Conservatism, under the management of their President, Mr. J. K. Pigford, who has spared no pains in preparing such a dinner that will ever remain in the mind of those who were present, as the reminiscence of the hostesses of the Samson County. Everything that was nice to satisfy the inner man, could be found upon the tables in the Farmer's Club Hall, and it is needless to say all acquitted themselves handsomely.

## Interesting from Beaufort County.

From a private telegram received here yesterday morning, we regret to learn of the sudden death in Raleigh, yesterday morning, of Hon. S. H. Rogers, of that city. He was at the Yarrowburgh House on Thursday evening, well and hearty. At 2 o'clock yesterday morning he had a severe hemorrhage, and at 5 o'clock he died.

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# Wilmington Morning

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1874.

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## Fighting in Georgetown, S. C.

A fight took place at the Railroad

Nominating Convention in Geor-

getown, S. C., on Thursday last. Pol-

itical, being leader of one faction,

and the other, Polk and his friends,

were wounded. The fight was still

going on when our informant left on

Friday, with a prospect of continuing

for several days. No Conservatives or

Unionists were in any way injured in

the fight. The fight was a "clay

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SHIPPING MERCHANTS

NORTH WATER STREET,

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TELEPHONE

WILMINGTON MARKETS.

FOR THE

WATER ENDING TRADING.

AUGUST 10, 1874.

COMMERCIAL EDITORIAL. Trade

conditions were not very good, a

few of an active opening of the

market was generally entertained by

merchants. The weather has

been very warm during most of

the week, and a large portion of

the business community remains out

of town. This, to some extent, may

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but there are other reasons why busi-

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ation upon the manufacturing section of the North. It was for no such wild purpose that this Federal Union was established, and such an one no defender of that Union has or has dared to be in the long struggle for its existence. These elections should tell the party in power that it is time to pause in its destructive career with the Southern people. They demonstrate the abiding determination of that people to resist the efforts to the ballot-box for the re-establishment of local government, and in every sense they are full of hope and of admonition. Now let the rest of the country come to the rescue of the South, and the people of self-government and Constitutional guarantees, and command henceforth peace between the sections and peace between the races. The dangerous path of this Administration can be pursued no further.—*Boston Post*.

**Seligmann, the Bankers—Their Remarkable Rise.**

About thirty years ago the Delaware bridge was just as it is now—much in need of a coat of good paint, well spread on, and the managers then ordered, as I hope they will now order, to resurface the bridge with a coat of paint present with that worthy class of our citizens is not very pressing. As the job at that time was a pretty large one, several painters were employed, and among the party was a young Jew, called Seligmann, who was paid about ten cents per day for his labor, and his brother was then employed by Asa Packer at \$100 per annum. But low wages and salaries did not stamp out their formidable energy and perseverance. They moved northward, and that Jew went to California, where there was then a wide and profitable field for energy and enterprise, just such as they possessed and used to great advantage, which secured them a large amount of money. In due time they returned to New York, which gave them a more suitable field for employing their large capital for a time in mercantile pursuits, but latterly as prominent bankers in large financial operations of the kind, they have acquired a reputation for the Messrs. Rothschilds. Now, reader, who do you think these two young Jews are whom we have hastily described? Why, none other than the Messrs. Seligmann, so prominently connected with the great \$179,000,000 of five per cent. bonds.

**The New African Sea.**

We have often spoken in these "Minor Tropics," of the new African sea, which will eventually be made by turning the Mediterranean into the upper part of the Great Desert, near the Egyptian Gulf.

It is a French plan for the better protection of Algeria. The water can be easily let in, as only a narrow stretch of sand separates it from the elevated Egyptian land, and from the sea the Mediterranean can be let into the coast. It will carry the French right into the interior by water.

From these advanced posts, says the author of the French report of this scheme, the French will be enabled to strike the South. The numerous and rich oasis of the South and the Oneid, only nominally subject to us, would fall completely into our power. Our colonization would extend to the south of our continent as far as the Sahara. In due time the Mediterranean coast, a beneficial change of climate is also not the least of the advantages promised by this bold scheme.

The first step to the realization of which has already been taken, the French have already had authorized by the society to allow a survey of the country to be made.—*Baltimore Gazette*.

**Death of Hon. Sion H. Rogers.**

Our entire community was unexpectedly shocked, on yesterday morning, by the death of our distinguished citizen, Sion H. Rogers, at his rooms in the city, of the Hon. Sion H. Rogers. Mr. Rogers was in his usual health the evening before, cheerful and genial, as was his wont. About a clock in the morning, while he was in his usualized way of his home, he was seized with a hemorrhage of the lungs, and, before medical assistance could be summoned, he expired.

Col. Rogers was about 40 years of age. He graduated at the University of the South, and was subsequently elected as a Whig Representative to the lower House of Congress, serving two years in that capacity. In 1870 he was again elected by the Democrats to the same position, and served two years. He was Colonel of the 5th regiment of North Carolina troops at one time during the war. He was, also, before the war, Attorney General of the State. He was equal to any position that he was called to fill, and distinguished himself by his constant fidelity and decided ability.

No man was more generally esteemed than Col. Rogers. His affability of manners, kindness of heart and generosity of disposition made him warm friends, while his high moral and business integrity brought him into the private and domestic relations of life, he was irreproachable. As a lawyer, he was able and successful, and as a citizen, he was prominent and useful.

He will be greatly missed in all those capacities, and he leaves to his children and his State the legacy of a bright record and a good name.

*Peace to his honored soul!*  
*Rich-Engl. News.*

**Partnership.**

We feel no animosity over the result of the election, and we have no enmity at all to gratify; but, in the beginning of this campaign, the cry of "partnership" was heard from the Conservative nominee for Judge, Mr. B. Fuller, and we wish to ask our people to put the question to themselves: Which acted the partner at the polls on Thursday, Mr. Fuller who, like any other citizen, had the right to vote, or Judge Buxton, who sat right at the polls all day, and whose carriage was in the negro service until the polls closed, in spite of the time they had to judge, and the time they had to vote? Judge Buxton once fined 5 cents and costs for conviction of riotous conduct? We speak of this matter with no bitterness of feeling, but if it has received a rebuke, and we do not hesitate to give it.

The Greenville Register says: We learn that two negroes, Bryant Moyer and Nathan Williams, were engaged to marry on Thursday last, which was supposed by the crowd present, Nathan Williams goes off, gets his gun and way comes up to where Williams was a few moments later, and then when Williams jumped up and fired, he was killed instantly. Nathan Williams was arrested and is now in jail.

We have to record this morning one

We have to record this morning outrage as one of the blackest outrages of the last year, disregarding the human race. It rivals in atrocity the acts of the savage, and fills every honest heart with indignation and horror.

The circumstances, as far as we have been able to learn, are as follows: About seven o'clock, Captain A. F. Butler, agent of the South Carolina Railroad—who, with his wife and a child, of Mr. John Traver, had been to the Cemetery and was returning with them in a street car, bound for the depot, was passing the intersection of Broad and Marbury streets, for the car—No. 15, driven by Mr. Haro—to stop. The car immediately halted, and Capt. Butler walked to the rear platform, followed by his wife and the child. On the rear platform, a mulatto named Gabriel Murrel

**SITTING ON THE SEATS**

on the side where he expected to get out. Capt. Butler requested the man to move, and pushed him slightly with his hand. The mulatto got up and stood on the platform while Capt. Butler descended to the ground and stepped down. He then tried to help him down. As he did this Michael Murrel, a brother of Gabriel, violently pushed Mrs. Butler down, while Gabriel himself drew a pistol, pointed it at Capt. Butler, and drew the trigger. The band so badly shot that Mrs. Butler, speeding on its terrible mission, struck Capt. Butler immediately over the left temple and

**PENETRATED TO THE BRAIN.**

Capt. Butler staggered back and fell heavily to the earth, the blood pouring in torrents from the wound. Agonized beyond expression, the seeming help, he was violently shot dead. Mrs. Butler screamed in the most heart-rending manner and called for help. Several gentlemen and a number of colored people rushed to the spot to render all possible assistance. Messrs. Hyams, Campbell, L. D., and DeSaussure, Ford, Robert Eay, and others.

The fiendish assassin, as soon as he committed the foul deed, jumped from the platform of the car on the first opposite to the rear, drew his pistol, an Allen & Wheelock six shooter, and ran towards the northwest corner of Broad and Marbury streets, with the expectation, evidently, of making his escape. But in this he was disappointed. The City Police shooting company, led by Wm. W. D. Tinley was walking down the pavement on the south side of Broad street, a short distance below Marbury, and on hearing the shot wheeled quickly and saw the mulatto running. He immediately

**GAVE CHASE,**

pulled out his pistol and ordered Murrel to stop. As the latter paid no heed to this, Tinley fired at the fellow, cutting him between the hips, and slightly on the right side. The mulatto then turned, rattled some indistinct words and put his right hand in one of his pockets. Thinking that he was about to draw a pistol, Mr. Tinley cocked his gun, ordered Murrel to surrender, and Murrel raised his hands. The second shot threw up both hands as a sign of surrender, and was taken in charge by Mr. Tinley. In the meantime, policeman John Sharp had rushed into the large crowd together with the colored constables, and arrested and Michael Murrel. The fellow seemed disposed to resist, but the officer promptly brought him club down upon the head of the mulatto, who then quietly yielded. Miss Christine, who had reached the spot, ordered Murrel to surrender to his prisoners as rapidly as possible to the Guard House. Policemen Tinley, Sharp and other immediately moved down Broad street with the prisoners and arrested them at the City Jail. At the corner of Monument and Broad Gabriel Murrel was taken to Policeman Tinley. "If I get out of this scrape it will make

**A CHRISTIAN OF ME."**

This was all he said on the route. These words would seem to amount to a confession of guilt and was so looked upon. At the Guard House, however, both asserted their innocence. Tinley, who had been ordered to take the prisoners in circulation that a movement looking to the lynching of at least one of the prisoners on was fast, it was deemed safe to transfer them to the jail for safe keeping. They were accused of the murder of a colored man, and being turned over to Deputy Jailor, E. J. Crump, the Jailor, Mr. Brinkers, being absent. The prisoners were placed in separate cells and locked up. They

**WAS GREAT EXCITEMENT**

in the community when the report of the outrage was circulated, and many of the oldest and coolest heads were a favor of summary punishment for the criminal who committed the terrible act. A large number of citizens assembled around Capt. Butler's residence all expressing the deepest concern as to the occurrence and hopes for the wounded man's recovery. But the hopes were all disappointed and unfulfilled. The physicians used every effort in their power to preserve a valuable life, but God willed it otherwise. At 9 o'clock it was evident that Capt. Butler was rapidly sinking. The pastor of the First Episcopal church, of which the wounded man was a member, offered up fervent prayers in his behalf. Anxious friends hovered around, wiping the face of the sufferer, and ministering to him as best they could. His face was covered with gore, while his clothing was saturated with the crimson life current. A portion of the brain protruded from the wound and blood flowed freely from it. Shortly before 11 o'clock he expired. He was a conscientious man but a few moments to live, and his wife was therefore led into the room. After that last scene, the heart-broken wife parting forever with her husband, all unconscious of her presence, we draw a veil. It is too sacred for outside eyes to gaze upon.

At 11 o'clock Capt. Butler quietly breathed his last.

About 12 o'clock it began to be whispered that the two men had been shot. The crowd gathered around the jail and hung. A short time later

warded a large body of men marched to the jail. The bells of the city were rung, and the appearance of Mr. Crump, he was commanded to open the gate. In the presence of such a formidable force he had no alternative but to obey. The gate was accordingly opened, and a portion of the men, a company of the Murrells, took them out and carried them off in the direction of Bassford's brick yard. Just before we went to press last night it was reported that nothing had as yet been done with the Murrells, a company of them being sent back to the city for an important witness.

The impression seemed to be that the guilty party would most certainly be hung. The men composing the crowd were cold and determined. They were not in the least excited.

Gabriel Murrel, it is said, was considerably under the influence of liquor at the time the shooting took place, while Michael also seemed to have taken a drink or two.

It is to be regretted that there is a deep feeling throughout the community. So cold-blooded and unprovoked a murder was never before, perhaps, committed.

Capt. Butler was a prominent highlander and respected gentleman, a friend of our citizens. A devoted husband, a fond father, and a useful citizen, he has left a void which cannot be filled.

3 O'Clock, A. M.—Just as we were about to close I learn that that terrible deed, upon the testimony of a witness who saw the deed committed, that Michael Murrel was the guilty party, and accordingly shot him to pieces. Gabriel was placed in the guard house. Our information obtained since, on the evening was stated in the premises.

**MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS IN CHINA.**

**Ten Thousand Native Christians Slain by Frenzied Pagan Bands and Heroic Suffering.**

The French periodical, Mission Catholique, of the last of July, gives the first authentic and detailed narrative of the recent massacre of Roman Catholics in the provinces of Yunnan and Szechuan, in China. The account, as translated for the London Tablet, says:

"The massacre broke out on the 25th of February, when the 'literate,' as the persecuting party is called, opened the campaign by beheading two men in the market place of Yere Dou, a Christian, whom they then threw into the river. The same day they burned the three villages of Trun-Lam, Fie-Yuh, and Ban-Tueh, and massacred the inhabitants that were in the hands. Those who succeeded in escaping to the woods were hunted down with hounds, brought back, and killed on the following day. The river was covered with bodies floating down a fortnight or more. At the same time the murderers were massacring the Christians of the parais of Holven, and were burning their villages. Those who took refuge in the cliffs of the neighborhood were hunted down and killed alive. Our Grand Master of Justice was at the head of 800 soldiers, but remained an inactive spectator of the massacre of the Christians of Nam-Duong, only a few of whom were able to escape.

THE LITERATES,

who were the heads of the militia appointed to massacre the Christians, say that the work of extermination carried out under the eyes of the mandarins, was done by the literates, and the court and the literates, and was done in reprisal for recent events. The mandarins have just received orders from the court not to employ any other means save those of persuasion and force, and to abstain from blood. One of the chiefs, who had just conspired two Christians to be murdered on the high road, went on the parade before the Governor of the Citadel, to whom he was dismissed with honor. On his parting, the literates, who were armed under the sword of this man, and his followers. He had just come from offering sacrifice to the goddess of prostitution, to whom a famous temple that stands near the river is dedicated.

MODE OF TORTURE AND DEATH.

"In several localities they take a entire family father, mother and children—and them together with their property—burn them alive, and then, leaving humanity unto the waves. First, however, they take pains to cut off the man's head. The multitude of dead bodies thus fastened together in groups, from eight to ten block up the river, forming a scene that gives the surprise of everybody does not get forth any bad smell. There are then five parades, containing 10,000 Christians, which have to be blotted out of the mission, namely: Lam-Thauk Nam-Duong, Hoi-Yen, and Dorec-Tauk.

Many of the victims died in the midst of flames. A village of more than 400 Christians was attacked by the literates, and soon became a prey to the flames. Among those 400 Christians were 120, more or less, who succeeded in saving themselves by taking refuge in a large village near by. The remainder, about 300, were nearly all massacred. Two small villages of Christians, some two hours walk from the place at which the literates were hemmed in by the pagans. The mayor visited each house, numbered the Christians, and forbade them under threat of most severe punishment to go out of doors. A few of the Christians, however, slipped to the market to keep themselves from starving.

"They never returned. Some pagan women who went with them say that the Christians women were captured and taken to the village, and that these same villages hazarded a flight during the night. They passed the great river by swimming, and came to me, tell the misfortunes.

Alls, writes Archbishop Gauthier, is a fearful scene. The suffering is chiefly derived, I could do nothing but keep them, being unable to do anything to succor them." Two or three days afterwards I learned that some 400 men in the village had had their hair shaved, but that the men and children were spared. And as their houses were intermingled with those of the pagans, it was forbidden to burn them down."

THE "GENTLEMAN IN BLACK," who is the tutelar demon of dram-shops, assumes his sourest aspect when the rapid progress of VINEGAR BITTERS is reported "down below." The People's Bitters is the only playing the mischief with his "bitters" and his "bitters." All diseases which those demoniac nostrums aggravate, under pretense of relieving, such as indigestion, sick headache, constipation, rheumatism, gout, and intermittent fevers are cured.

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